The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE OTHER SIDE.

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze, whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;
But, as I slowly toiled along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

Meanwhile the mountain shrubs distilled
Their sweetness all along my way;
And the delicious summer day
My heart with rapture overfilled.

At length the topmost height was gained,
The other side was full in view.
My dreams,— not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, homelike land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, homelike land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

Meanwhile along our upward way
What beauties lurk, what visions glow!
Whatever shall be, this we know
Is better than our lips can say.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

THE MINISTRY OF SUNSHINE.

We hear much about the ministry of sorrow, perhaps more than necessary for the good of those over whose life hangs the dark cloud. It may not be out of place, then, to write a few words about the ministry or uses of sunshine. There is nothing this world needs so much as sunshine. As a mere world of matter, nothing is so important as sunshine. It fills the air with life and health, dries up the sources of malaria and poison, gives color and beauty to the flower and joyousness to the heart of man. It fills the valley with light, and sends its blessings to the deepest recesses of the mountains. Indeed, we cannot conceive of a state of being in which we would not have need of the blessed sunshine, save that state where we need not the light of the sun or the moon or the candle.

"Oh, yes! I love the sunshine.
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance
Is sunshine on the earth."

Then, too, as we contemplate the world of spirit, the uses of sunshine become apparent. The sunshine of love and kindness have their mission, and their value is beyond conception. There is no mistake about it: we need the sunshine of nature to make us happy; but the sunshine that throws about the soul a feeling that we are thought of and loved by others is what

makes life tolerable, and gives us a taste of the joy and companionship of the angels in heaven. When we think of the sad and miserable condition of man, when we look into that world which reveals life's miseries, the vexed, the disappointed, the oppressed, the poverty-fighting and despairing soul,— what is there that can bring a bright sky into that dark region like sympathy, kindness, tender-heartedness? It can make that gloomy world wear the brightness of spring-time, and cause the oppressed heart to sing for joy. The ministry of sunshine, in this respect, is so glorious that we can hardly overestimate it. Only they can tell its true value who have been made to feel the proud world's scorn, and have had flaunted into their faces the unwelcome fact that they are despised and outcast. This sunshine is as valuable to such as is the light of the great luminary of day to the proper development of the plant which has been confined to a dark room.

Sunshine makes glad the heart, not only of him who carries it about, but the hearts of others likewise. God did not intend that we should be amiable of disposition, kind, tender-hearted, cheerful, and happy merely for our own peace and contentment, any more than he made the sun merely for the purpose of shining because it was bright or the violet to have a sweet perfume just for its own sake. There was a wise purpose in all this. God had in view our relation to our fellow-men. And I doubt not that it is an established law that we cannot be happy ourselves if we do not make others happy. One way in which we can accomplish this is by bringing to bear upon them the influence of a sunny life. How cruel we are when we withhold this blessing! We might hold back that which sustains life, and yet the heart could be joyous, for man does not live by bread alone; but to withhold that which can make the spirit glad is the basest of all our actions: —

"Some hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek.
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them, all the while,
The hungry heart be pining still."

There is this about the matter that is encouraging to the dejected ones: if their hearts go hungering through the world for this love and sunshine, and do not find it here, their recompense shall come when heaven's light and sympathy shall burst upon their sorrowing and bewildered spirits, dispelling every shadow.

Again, I say that sunshine has its uses in making our religion what it should be, —a thing of brightness. There is danger of making it too cold and gloomy. God did not intend it to be thus. It is a difficult matter, at any rate, to induce men to accept religion; and, if they are left under the impression that, when they unite with the church, they are going into the sunless and gloomy region of an arctic land, it will make it all the more difficult to induce them to choose the better part. Let joy, brightness, geniality, tempered by the spirit of Jesus, characterize our religion; and these persons will lay hold of it with earnestness. Let us make use of sunshine everywhere. Do cares come, let us go at them with sunshiny hearts: they will soon melt away under its power. If afflictions come, nothing will so brighten the sick-bed as sunshine. Is the home darkened by the shadow of death, sunshine will lighten it, and show us the golden stairway up which our departed has gone. Sunshine, sunshine everywhere,— in the world, in the home, in the church. There is joy and brightness in heaven, why should it be wanting here? —*E. Herbruck.*

THE STILL HOUR.

UP! UP! MY SOUL.

How noble ought my manners now to be,
How white my secret life,— I, who have seen
The Lord in His own glory! — I, who see
So vast a mound of love to intervene
Between the torrent of my sins and me!

I ought to walk now as the angels do,
The holy dead, redeemed by patient strife
From this less goodly state, to whom accrue
The higher issues of that noble life
Which hath with God undying interview

I ought to be as holy white as they,
As ardent towards my Lord. Alas! instead,
Upon the very path my Lord doth tread
To meet my soul, I sink down (sooth to say)
On the roadside, almost a cas'away.

Up! up! my soul, awake and use thy goad.
I lose forever my divine abode,
If in this poor estate I thus abide.
The ground I stand on now will soon subside,
And be by ocean fathomless o'erflowed.
—*Henry Septimus Sutton.*

We live in a world in which it is simply impossible to ignore other men's neglected obligations. To look no further than mere self-interest, he who will not own his share in our great company, but insists on keeping separate his particular debtor and creditor account, will only accelerate the ruin which he is so eager to escape. You *cannot* simply let alone the heedlessness and sin at your right hand. If you treat it like dead *chaff* to be just buried out of sight, you will find it all to be living *seed*, that will germinate and spread like the poisonous mangrove, till your habitable lands are turned into a grave. If your neighbor is a sluggard, and allows his garden to run wild in spite of your protesting justice, your own labor will be increased. At first, perhaps, you will try the effect of greater diligence within the limits of your own plot. You will strengthen its fences, you will ply it with a double weeding power; but the rank grass creeps through the hedge at one end ere you have finished cutting it out at the other. The thistle-down sows its seed with every wind, and in the end you will find it best to take your spade, open your neighbor's wicket while he sleeps, and dig up *his* ground as well as your own. And, in the higher view of conscience, this is clearer still.

Duty is no fixed, allotted piecework, assigned to us one by one, as if each was on a desert island, and lived a life unaffected by the rest. Rather is it a joint enterprise, a perilous march over the mountain and sharp encounter in the field, committed to us all together, as to an army of the faithful. Every man, in proportion as he is a true son of the Highest, feels that he *cannot* stand by, seeing misery and guilt within his reach, and say, "It is no concern of mine." He knows himself responsible for all the wrong *he might prevent*, as well as for all he may *positively* do. . . .

Without sacrifice no man will really maintain the spirit of a noble and devout life. And it is well for each to go out deliberately beyond the circle of his apparent personal obligations, and choose for himself some work just for God's sake alone,—some work to which no inclination, no necessity, invites him, but which he takes in pure offering to him. It will help his self-knowledge; it will check his presumption; it will exercise his patience; it will test his fidelity. It is not that such works constitute his main duty and accumulate any grains of merit. They are but like the *timepiece*, which does not *make* our hours, but only *marks* them; yet by the false measurements it thus prevents, and the self-deceptions it corrects, it is a priceless economist of life. So is there no such measurer of the way eternal as the daily sacrifice. As its silent index comes round, the steadiness or trembling of our spirits shows how our reckoning stands with God; and when we feel not its return, save by the passage across our heart of a clearer peace and brighter love, it is no slight indication that our course is ready to be finished, and the hour come that we should be glorified.—*Faith and Self-surrender, James Martineau.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs.

Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

Educational.

Story's "Constitutional Class Book"; "The Bible Reader"; "Student's Hume"; Worcester's "Dictionary"; Webster's "Abridged Dictionary"; "Architecture of Birds"; Nichols's "English Composition"; Buehler's "Practical Exercises in English"; Hart's "Composition and Rhetoric"; Peile's "Philology"; "Modern England"; Sewell's "History of Greece"; "Pianoforte Primer"; Marshall's "Outlines of Physiology"; "Manual of English History"; Philips's "Geographical Readers," Nos. 3 and 6; Sears's "Guide to Knowledge"; "Hints on Drawing and Painting," Hunt.

Miscellaneous.

"Cloud Pictures"; Life of J. R. Lowell; Kipling's "Plain Talks from the Hills"; "Joanna of Naples"; "Within and Without," George MacDonald; "Changed Cross"; Palfrey's "Lectures on Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities"; Lamartine's "Celebrated Characters"; Tennyson's "Last Tournament"; "Phillips Brooks: A Sketch"; "Neighborly Poems," J. W. Riley; "Children of Westminster Abbey"; "Story of South Africa"; "Century of Charades"; "Literary Shrines"; "A Literary Pilgrimage"; "Love Letters of a Musician"; "Poems," Matthew Arnold; "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall"; "Face to Face," R. Grant; "Mutability of Literature"; "Rip Van Winkle," Irving; "Merle's Crusade," "Averill," R. N. Carey.

Miss Olive Smith, Centre Moriches, New York, offers "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mount Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. New applicants please send reference.

Rand and McNulty's "Arithmetic"; "Columbian Elements of Arithmetic"; "Columbian Complete Arithmetic"; "The Normal Union Arithmetic"; "Lessons in Numbers"; "Manual of New Church Doctrine"; "Hardy Norseman," Edna Lyall; *Forum*, 1894 (complete); 1895–96 (incomplete); *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 1880–82 (1 number missing); *Golden Days for Boys and Girls*, 1884; *Harper's Bazar*, 1897 (incomplete); *Ladies' World*, 1894–99 (incomplete).

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

If any person or society has a set of Hymn and Tune Books to dispose of, will they please communicate with Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass., who will give the address of a mission Sunday-school that is in great need of such books?

Mrs. H. Phar, Larene, Lincoln County, Washington, asks for "Stepping Heavenward" and magazines.

Mrs. Anna P. Tucker, Pleasant View, Virginia, writes, "We are very poor, just started out in life, and would be glad to receive some good books and magazines."

I would be very glad to receive books and magazines, especially some books suitable for boys' reading. Sudie Harper Turbyfill, Linden, Cleveland County, Oklahoma Territory.

Mrs. Hattie Lawrence, Verano, Patrick County, Virginia, asks for any reading to help pass many lonely hours.

Mrs. L. M. Booth, 2647 Anita Street, Los Angeles, California, a shut-in, very much desires "Pilgrim's Progress" and Longfellow's or Lowell's poems.

I am very much interested in your good work, and would like to become one of your club. I received *The Cheerful Letter* all right. I will be glad to receive some books from you. I pass away many hours that would be long and lonesome by reading books. Mildred Snelson, Snelson, Virginia.

I can never express to you how much good *The Cheerful Letter* has done me. A good friend sends it to me every month. I enjoy reading every word in it. *The Cheerful Letter* ladies have sent me magazines, papers, and a few books, which we have fully appreciated. Could we receive the book "Success" (I think it is) by Samuel Smiles, it is one that the *Herald* (Talmadge) offers. I would like to receive the paper *Success*. I think it's *so* nice; but it takes all I can make to pay rent and live, and, though my time for reading is limited, I do enjoy *good* reading *so* much. Sallie M. Coverdale, Cuba, Ohio.

A friend handed me a copy of the June number of *The Cheerful Letter;* and, as we live in a rather isolated location, away from church and school advantages, my little daughter and I would like to avail ourselves of your offer of books. I refer you to Rev. E. W. Butler, pastor of the Congregational church at Melbourne, Florida, I being a member of said church. I am somewhat confused as to how I should specify what books I want. Some of them are not familiar to me; and I do not know what will be suitable for my daughter, who is fourteen years old, but young for her years, and reading suitable for a twelve-year-old child would suit her better. She would like a Biblical story. Any good books for children or numbers of *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People*, would be pleasant to have. I would like the *Household* for 1899 or "David Copperfield." I leave you to make the selections, and will be grateful for what you send. Mrs. J. T. Hood, Canaveral, Brevard County, Florida.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,— I think you must have forgotten me in my Northern home, as it is a long time since I received any reading matter from you. I should like to get a copy of "Shakespeare" for my boy, and should be glad for any books or magazines, which I will pass on to others as soon as read. Thanking you all for past favors, I remain, Mrs. S. C. Gardiner, Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada.

I want to send a great many thanks to the kind sender of Rollin's "Ancient History." I am so pleased with them that I would like to write her, but have sent away my *Cheerful Letter*, and cannot remember her address. Olive Smith, Centre Moriches, New York.

I would be glad to get a nice little Speech book of some kind for my little nine-year-old boy, also Sermons for children; and I would like to get "Stepping Heavenward" for myself, and the "Ship of Stars," or the "Secret of Gladness," for my grown son. I send thanks to all who have kindly remembered me with reading, which has been a pleasure to me and many others, as I have passed it on. Mrs. J. W. Gale, Unionville, North Carolina.

It is now eight years since I joined the Cheerful Letter Exchange, which has been a great pleasure. As I've lived most of those years away from congenial surroundings, the papers and books sent me have been better appreciated than the senders will ever know. I would rejoice so much to be able to get to a high-land country, and remain. Perhaps, if God sees fit, I will have my desire granted some time,—perhaps next year. I am trusting God's promises. He never fails those who trust him, and this is my comfort. I have not received *The Cheerful Letter* for months. Will some one send me a copy after reading? The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* is being sent me regularly by

a friend in Arkansas. The paper is very good, indeed,—farming and household department, besides two good sermons every week, also all the most important news. If any one wishes the paper, I will gladly send to any address. Will be glad of any good religious papers, as I stand sorely in need of religious friends. God bless the white-winged messengers of friendship. Am very fond of Christian correspondents. May God bless you in your great work for him, is my prayer. Addie E. Smith, Bayou Chene P.O., St. Martin's Parish, Louisiana.

Mrs. Julia J. Rowland, Weaverville, North Carolina, asks for "Language Book, No. 2" (Mary F. Hyde), Swinton's "Word Book," Maury's "Manual," Blaisdell's "Physiology," "Copy Book, No. 2."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Contributions to this department are solicited by Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

SELECTIONS FROM "THE RELIGIOUS CULTURE OF CHILDREN."

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

"*Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it.*"—PROV. xxii. 6.

This principle bases itself in the essentially eternal truth that we recognize in every department of human life,—that tendencies and habits become fixed; and that, if you can have the child in your care during the plastic period of its life, you may be pretty certain that you have determined its main character throughout its whole career.

What is this thing, then, that is more important than direct teaching? It is example. It is the atmosphere of the home. It is the air that the child breathes day after day, week after week, year after year. I wish to say one word to guard this matter of example. I think that many times the matter is treated in a way that is wholly unjustifiable. I do not think that grown people ought never to do things which are not proper or fit or right for a child. For example, I have never wished my children, while they were growing, to drink tea or coffee. Is that any reason why I should not drink them, or why I should conceal the fact from them that I do drink tea or coffee? If I am doing right for me as a man, then I am not setting my child or any one else an example of doing something that is not right for them, as children, to do. If I am doing right, I am setting a good example. It may not follow that the child is to copy precisely the things which I am doing. Do not do anything which you think is right for you to do, but which you do not want your child to do, and then cover it up. The child finds it out, and thinks you are a hypocrite, though you may be doing that which is perfectly right for you.

This matter of example, of home influence, of the atmosphere that the child breathes, is more important for him than any direct teaching or precepts that you can utter. You know what a potent thing even for the lower forms of life is this invisible atmosphere which they breathe. So more than anything you can do for them in any other way is the home atmosphere that you create around them and which they are accustomed to breathe.

Let me instance by an illustration or two what I mean. Suppose the atmosphere of the home is such that the impression exists, even though it be not a wealthy home, that money is the most important thing in the world. Suppose the child grows up with this feeling. It hears talk which implies this. It notices the rivalry, the envy, the strife, the struggle to acquire wealth; and it gets the impression somehow that the object of life is to acquire money, and that the father and mother think more of that than they do of anything else. Do you not see how an atmosphere like that is utterly antagonistic to any true, refined religious life or culture of the child? You may talk as much as you please in a perfunctory fashion; but the child breathes every moment anti-religion, if that be the atmosphere of the home.

Take another illustration. Suppose that the child grows up in an atmosphere of petty and bitter gossip; is accustomed to hear people's characters commented upon, their virtues depreciated, their failings made the most of; the atmosphere full of fault-finding and criticism, or perhaps the father and mother allow themselves to speak in a way to each other that they

ought not before their children. The noblest husbands and wives have differences of opinion. This is perfectly natural; and it may be perfectly right that they should discuss these differences and talk them over, and there is a way to do this that is wholesome and helpful. But there is a way which is bitter, which is poisonous, which is deadly. Above all things, let not these differences be talked over in the presence of the children. Children have ears years before you give them credit for understanding. If you create that kind of atmosphere for them to breathe, you are coloring, moulding, shaping their thoughts, their feelings, their aspirations, in an anti-religious way.

There are homes where there may be neither bickering nor fault-finding, but where there is a constant struggle for social recognition, where the matter of style, as to what is fitting in the best society, seems to be the most prominent thing; where perhaps clothes, to put it plainly and frankly, are thought of more importance than anything else. These people may be rich or they may be poor; but that makes no matter, so far as this is concerned. If that is the air that the child breathes, then the child is thinking of and aspiring after those things which in themselves are contemptible and unworthy; and your precepts all go astray. Your direct talking to the child amounts to nothing. It is the drift, the tendency, the sweep of the home life, that carries the child away in spite of your wise advice and admonitions.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

HOW UNDINE AND THE EDITOR WENT CATHEDRALLING.

The first cathedral we arrived at was Ely; and we arrived together with a diocesan conference, whom we saw walking up to the town, while we drove by in the station omnibus. Ely does not look at all as I expected. It is very old, and I thought it would look gray and dim and dark and crumbling. It is built of a soft, whitish, chalky stone, and very much decorated in bright colors. The nave *looks* about half a mile long; but, of course, it cannot be so long as that. A service was going on at the inner end, and we never found it out until we had travelled some distance up the nave. Then we joined the little congregation, and made quite an important addition. There were about six others.

It was a special service, of intercession, held in all the cathedrals of this part of England, praying for victory in Africa. We found it going on everywhere. The verger gave us a copy of the service used. With a part of it we could cordially join. All Christians can pray for peace and for justice, and that war may cease and that widows and orphans may be comforted. But some parts of these prayers used in war are quite heathenish, and it is painful to find that Christians have not outgrown them. The verger took us about in the close, and showed us the beautiful old mediæval building, belonging formerly to the original monastery. Now the resident clergy live there,— the bishop, dean, canons, etc. Here they dwell, steeped in antiquity; and the canons all dine together in a *crypt*. I bought a photograph of this crypt, that I might not cease to believe in it when I came away. Even the verger's house was all sorts of queer shapes, with Gothic windows and doors and walls of most unreasonable thickness. It must seem strange to these resident clergy when they step out of their old gray, mullioned, mediæval residences, with one step from the fifteenth century into the nineteenth.

We took the train at one, and went on to Boston.

The town of Boston has nothing especially picturesque or attractive. It is in a low, marshy region, the scene of Jean Ingelow's "High Tide in Lincolnshire." But the old church, St. Botolph's Church, is much larger and more important than we expected. *If* it had a transept (and a bishop), it would do for a cathedral. But Lincoln is so near that it lost its chance, I suppose. It has, however, an immensely high tower (which Undine ascended). The pulpit where John Cotton preached remains; and in a library up a winding stair are very old books and some autographs of John Cotton and others. As the church stands near a river, very beautiful and picturesque, views may be (and have been) taken of it. It has been photographed in every possible way and from every point of view.

We spent the night in Boston, and went the next morning to the Guildhall, and looked at the dungeon where John Cotton was imprisoned,— a wretched cell in a cellar, almost as bad as those that are shown in Venice. All this was rather a shock to me; for John Cotton's time seems comparatively near, and such barbarism unnatural.

We went back to supper about eight o'clock on the first day, and *then* took a long walk along the river, and came home about ten o'clock or later — by daylight! The red sunset still lingered in the sky, and the tower of the old church standing up against it and making pictures for us to carry away in our minds.

We could not leave Boston until twelve, which made us anxious, as we wished to see both Lincoln and York cathedrals that afternoon, and feared arriving too late at York. Lincoln cathedral stands on a hill. It is especially beautiful in its proportions, and surrounded and supported by the beautiful old buildings of the close, like Ely. No one can wonder at the clergymen in Trollope's novels being fond of their residences and benefices.

At York we did not even arrive until six o'clock, and many cathedrals are closed at that hour. We had engaged rooms at the Station Hotel, and so, without losing time, deposited our effects, and set off for the cathedral. Undine murmured that it would "certainly be closed"; but I was determined not to lose it for want of an effort. There had been a fête in the town the day before, and the Prince and Princess of Wales had been there; and the streets were filled with decorations, wreaths, ribbons, mottoes, flower-decked arches, etc. On this day there was a great excursion to York, I forget why. We arrived in front of the cathedral, and "There!" said Undine, "You see all the people are coming away, and the doors are closed. We can't get in!" "Come on," I responded. "Let us try at any rate!" So we went round by the side of the great cathedral; and by and by we came to a little side door, in a sort of recess. One or two men were coming out of it. So we went in, and the cathedral was not closed at all. Probably it had been kept open later on account of the excursion. It was full of people,— no, not *full* by any means: a cathedral is hardly ever *full*, I should imagine; but there were a great many people in it. It might be supposed that it would spoil the impression to have hundreds of men and women walking about. Not so: men are not much more noticeable in a cathedral than ants in a wood; and they were very quiet, naturally. We first sat quietly down, and for a quarter of an hour drank in the impression and spirit of the place. The organ played very sweetly, but rather softly, all the time we were there. Then we found that the vergers were "still taking people through the chapels." We had thought we were too late for this, and had seen no verger about; but presently we found a very pleasant one. He took us through all the chapels, and down into the crypt, where had been discovered — in comparatively recent times — the remains of the Norman church, and the still earlier Saxon church, which preceded the present cathedral. Finally, he took us into the chapter-house. By this time the party had dwindled to us two. The verger then asked whether we would mind being *locked* into the chapterhouse, only for fifteen minutes, until the next verger came along with *his* party. He, our guide, wanted to go home (to his tea, no doubt), he should have gone two hours before, but could not get away. Poor man! Talking steadily for hours, and no tea! We said he might lock us in. But it is human nature not to like to be locked up anywhere. And when we heard the key turn, and found ourselves in undisputed possession of the chapterhouse of York cathedral, we began to reflect what a unique experience it would be to spend the night there. That would be something to talk about afterward! We should be the envy of all other tourists. And suppose our friends at home could suddenly become clairvoyant, and see where we were! How astonished they would be! These reflections lasted about ten minutes; and then the other verger arrived, and we were released.

The next day we went on to Edinburgh, but stopped in the middle of the day to see Durham cathedral. Durham is also very old and very beautiful, and on a hill like Lincoln, and near it an old castle, where formerly the bishop lived; but now it is a university. Here, as elsewhere, they were

holding a special service in regard to the war in South Africa. The congregation (as elsewhere) consisted of half a dozen people. We joined them (so far as to unite in some of the petitions, and listen respectfully and regretfully to the rest). Then the verger showed us about. He said the stained glass, and a good deal besides, had been destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and renewed later. Undine looked distressed and knit her white forehead, upon which the verger said: "Oh, you mustn't frown at the Reformation! The Reformation was a very good thing." However, it was the destruction that distressed us, not the Reformation. Presently we found that Bishop Lightfoot was buried here. He was Bishop of Durham. It was not strange that the atmosphere of the place was liberal and modern, not mediæval. The verger had known Lightfoot personally. I told him I had read some of Lightfoot's books (commentaries on the New Testament were his specialty.)

One of the interesting things about cathedrals is that the traveller is constantly stumbling on some monument which he does not expect to find; but, then, if he sees four or five cathedrals in a day or two, he may remember what he has seen, but forgets in which cathedral he saw this or that object, and has to study it up in his guide-book. But Durham we saw last; and Lightfoot, although not an antiquity, was better than that.

In York and in Durham are all sorts of pretty little china things to carry home as mementoes. We bought two or three, and broke one on the way to Edinburgh, where we arrived that night.

So we accomplished our cathedral tour, all but Peterborough, for which Undine still mourns. But it seemed to me that four cathedrals and the town of Boston *thrown in* on the way to Edinburgh was doing pretty well. L. F. C.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest with the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds have flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

RUFF-COATS.

Have you been yet to look in the brook for the caddis-worms that cover themselves so curiously with what they find in the water? I hope that you have, and I wonder which of my favorites you first discovered.

There is a quaint old English book on "Fishing" which speaks of some of the caddis-worms by common names. It says of one kind, "There is also another caddis, called by some a straw-worm and by some a ruff-coat, whose house or case is made of little pieces of bents and rushes and straws and water weeds and I know not what, which are so knit together with condensed slime that they stick about her husk or case not unlike the bristles of a hedge-hog."

We have learned that the materials are "knit together" with silk instead of condensed slime. I have found a caddis-worm that I think must be similar to the one that Mr. Walton describes as a ruff-coat. The young of this kind may be found in the summer and fall in cases which look like little bristling green balls roaming about over the water plants. The little creature enlarges and repairs his house by biting off short pieces of leaves or stems and arranging them around the circular opening, with the ends projecting. When he is full grown, these ends disappear, and the case becomes smoother; and it is then cylindrical, about three-quarters of an inch long and as big around as a slate-pencil. The back door of his house he keeps nearly closed, leaving only a little opening through which the

water that he has breathed passes out. It is small enough to prevent any enemy from entering to attack it.

The little fellow has a gray face and rather short legs, and is a peaceable inhabitant for an aquarium, with a gentle, even temper and tranquil movements. But you must be sure that no turtle or crayfish or carnivorous beetle is put in the same dish with him, as they would probably eat him up for breakfast, in spite of his strong house.

In the spring, when about to change to the pupa, he closes up both ends of his house with a silk network, to protect himself during the quiescent stage. At this time it is very important that the water in which he is kept should be pure and fresh, if we want to have him live and come out with wings, as a perfect caddis-fly. When he becomes a caddis-fly, he is quite pretty, being rather large, and with wings of a delicate yellowish-brown, shaded with darker brown.

In winter, looking through a thin coating of ice which covered the water in a meadow beside a brook, I once saw a great many of these ruff-coats crawling over the ground and climbing up on the grasses, lively and active, though they had no rubber boots to protect their little feet from the icy water.

I found once in a pond some gray caddis cases, made of little bits of sticks arranged like those of the ruff-coat, though the case was much smaller. What the little inhabitants were like I could not see, for they had closed up both ends of their houses. I kept them in a tumbler-aquarium covered with muslin, and in a few days found sitting on the muslin some pretty little caddis-flies, with very long delicate antennæ and spotted gray wings.

In clear running brooks in the woods one usually finds some small caddis-worms, living in quadrangular tubes made of little square pieces of bark, neatly fitted edge to edge. Each piece is as wide as one side of the case, and from four to seven of them form its length, which is between a quarter and a half an inch. They crawl about sometimes in great numbers over the sticks in the brook, biting off pieces of bark with which to repair their houses. They live for a while in confinement; but I have never succeeded in rearing them, so do not know what the perfect insect looks like.—*Cora H. Clarke.*

SHOOTING SEEDS.

Down by the brook and along the sides of the mountain grows a tall shrub which is called the witch-hazel. I hope some of you know it by sight. I am sure that many of you know its name on account of the extract which is applied so often to bruises and burns. A witch-hazel branch bears both flowers and fruit at the same time; for, unlike any other plant I know, the flower of the witch-hazel appears late in the fall, when its little nuts are almost ripe. These nuts come from the flowers of the previous year.

It is always to me a fresh surprise and delight to come upon these golden blossoms when wandering through the fall woods. Often the shrub has lost all its leaves before these appear. You almost feel as if the yellow flowers had made a mistake, and had come out six months ahead of time, fancying it to be April instead of October. In each little cluster grow several blossoms, with flower leaves so long and narrow that they look like waving yellow ribbons. But to-day we wish chiefly to notice the fruit or nut of the witch-hazel.

Now the question is, How does the witch-hazel manage to send the seeds which lie inside this nut out into the world? I think you will be surprised to learn just how it does this. If you have a nut before you, you see for yourselves that this fruit is not bright-colored and juicy-looking, or apparently good to eat, and thus likely to tempt either boy or bird to carry it off. You see that it is not covered with hooks that can lay hold of your clothing, and so steal a ride; and you see that it has no silky sails to float it through the air, nor any wings to carry it upon the wind.

And so the witch-hazel, knowing that neither boy nor girl nor bird nor beast nor wind will come to the rescue of its little ones, is obliged to take matters into its own hands; and this is what it does. It forces open the nut with such violence that its little black seeds are sent rattling off into the air, and do not fall to the ground till they have travelled some distance from home. Really, they are shot out into the world.

Did you ever hear of Thoreau? He was a man who left his friends and family to live by himself in the woods he loved so

dearly. Here he grew to know each bird and beast, each flower and tree, almost as if they were his brothers and sisters. One day he took home with him some of these nuts, and later he wrote about them in his journal: "Heard in the night a snapping sound and the fall of some small body on the floor from time to time. In the morning I found it was produced by the witch-hazel nuts on my desk springing open and casting their seeds quite across my chamber." Now I do not want any of you children to go off by yourselves to live in the woods; but I should like to think that you could learn to love these woods and their inmates with something of the love that Thoreau felt. And, if you watch their ways with half the care that he did, some such love is sure to come.

Although the witch-hazel's rough way of dealing with its young is not very common among the plants, we find much the same thing done by the wild geranium, or crane's-bill, and by the touch-me-not. The touch-me-not, or jewel-weed, is sometimes called "lady's eardrop," because its pretty, red-gold, jewel-like flowers remind us of the drops that once upon a time ladies wore in their ears. These flowers we find in summer in wet, woody places. In the fall the fruit appears. This fruit is a little pod which holds several seeds. When this pod is ripe, it bursts open, and coils up with an elastic spring which sends these seeds also far from home.—*Plants and their Children, Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

Charade.

My *first* we often hear uttered,
My *last* every day is worn,
My *whole* is well represented
By the fields of waving corn.

E. P. P.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 6, 9, 11, 4, is what persons often are.
My 8, 12, 2, 10, is sometimes a pet.
My 7, 13, 4, is a girl's name.
My 5, 12, implies a command.
My 6, 11, 3, 2, is a musical instrument.
My 8, 1, 13, is a vessel for holding liquids.
My whole is what school-children enjoy.

E. E. W.

Conundrums.

1. What islands would form a cheerful luncheon party?
2. Why is a life insurance company not like a watch?
3. How many insects does it require to make a landlord?
4. Which is heavier, the full or the new moon?
5. What man is always justified in putting on airs?

The Fisherman's Puzzle.

I once went out a-fishing,
A-fishing in the sea;
And a very odd lot of fish I got,
As you will surely see.

For first I caught a sunbeam,
And a portion of a shoe,
With a piece of moorland heather,
And a pretty lassie, too.

I caught a cooking apple,
And a wildling sour as well,
A toll-gate from the king's highway,
And a past tense of a smell.

A shoe for icy weather,
A thing to roast your meat,
Some lime-wash for your ceiling,
And a feathered creature's seat.

The last thing I caught was a tumble,
And that was enough for me.
So that was the end of my fishing
In the wonderful, deep blue sea.

From an Old Magazine.

Answers to Puzzles in August Number.

Mangled Verses.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

A Bird Puzzle.

1. Snipe. 2. Rail. 3. Pelican. 4. Veery. 5. Teal. 6. Tern.

Charades.

1. Sapling. 2. Morose.

Decapitations.

1. Leaves—eaves—aves.
2. Scowl—cowl—owl.
3. Blow—low.

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself: it is not confined to partial views or to one particular object. And, if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself. *Von Knebel.*

Faith is the heroism and enterprise of intellect. Faith is not a passivity, but a faculty. Faith is power, the material of effect. Faith is a kind of winged intellect. The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.—*Charles H. Parkhurst.*

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, October 5, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

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